

Good Morning 418

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk by Ron Richards

RECENTLY newspapers told the story of "Pimpernel Turner" and his submarine, H.M.S. "Sibyl."

The story tells how he kept a secret midnight appointment with Army officers under the coastal guns of the enemy, and was met by a woman—how he rescued the chief of an underground movement with the shells of the enemy whistling around. For the first time in a year, Lieut. E. J. D. Turner, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., had breakfast with his wife.

I give you the Lieutenant's story:

"It was one of those very secret jobs. All I had been told was to keep a midnight rendezvous at a point off the French Riviera to pick up certain members of General Giraud's staff and take them to Algiers. As we approached the shore, however, we were signalled to leave and to travel to another rendezvous.

"We arrived at midnight on a pitch-dark night, with no moon, and were told to wait for two hours. The time was almost up when a small boat pulled out from the shore, where we could see trains, motor-car headlights, and even cyclists moving along the road. We had crept to within 300 yards from land.

"My lieutenant asked the people in the boat for the pre-arranged password, but I heard a piping voice say they knew no password. What I thought was a small boy turned out to be a beautiful Frenchwoman.

"WHEN we were well away to seaward I welcomed the unexpected guest to the wardroom. She proved an excellent messmate, with a good sense of humour, and she soon settled down to submarine life.

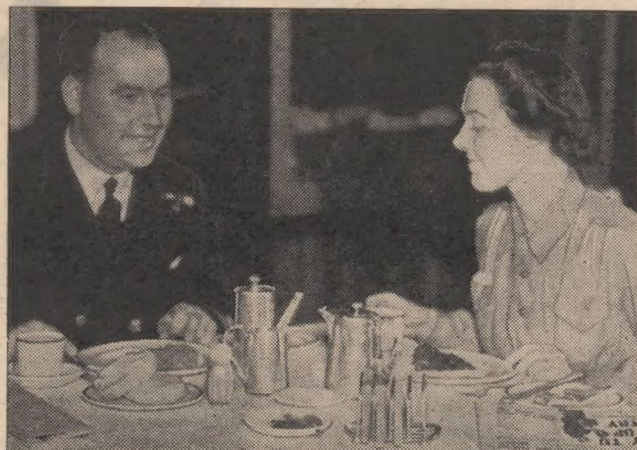
"When she left the submarine at Algiers four days later she thanked me very graciously for our hospitality, and added, 'I left Algiers with my head bowed and feeling very low, but now I have returned to help carry the torch to victory.'

"She was a brave woman, and has done magnificent work for the Allied cause."

Then again the Sibyl was chosen for an adventurous secret mission off Corsica when the Germans were occupying that island.

"We took off the chief of the Corsican secret organisation

Marcus Delinger
talks about Oil,
the burning
problem of all
Time



Lieut. Turner has breakfast with his wife—for the first time in a year.

which was preparing for the hour to strike with the Allies, and meanwhile carrying on a blood feud against the Italian troops, Lieut. Turner said.

"When he came on board the shore batteries opened up.

"But their leader had to be taken to North Africa and later returned to Corsica by parachute. He was less than five feet in height, cultured and immaculately dressed—but when he took off his shirt to wash, his chest and back were a mass of ancient knife and bayonet wounds."

Glad to welcome you home, "Sibyl." Suggest you take a "Good Morning" reporter along next time you make one of these cruises.

HEAVY losses inflicted on the enemy off the Norwegian coast by British submarines were announced by Rear Admiral C. B. Barry, in London.

Admiral Barry said the attack by midget submarines on the German battleship "Tirpitz" was the signal for the start of a winter offensive by our submarines.

They had gone right into the island passages off the Norwegian coast and penetrated further into Norwegian fjords than ever before.

The Germans had been attacked so close in that routes considered safe previously had now been the scene of considerable losses.

Admiral Barry described the hazards faced by our submarines.

One of them, he said, commanded by Lieut. T. S. Weston, torpedoed the largest ship in an escorted convoy, and was counter-attacked with depth charges.

A considerable amount of water entered the after end of the submarine, and she plunged down, hitting the bottom with her bows up at an angle of 20 degrees. The submarine, temporarily out of control, rose again and broke surface.

She was immediately attacked by enemy aircraft, but managed to dive again, and grounded heavily on a rocky bottom.

Again she bounced to the top with her bows at an angle of 30 degrees, and was exposed for 30 seconds before she could be got under control. But still she came home safely.

The Admiral mentioned another daring attack by Lieut. A. J. W. Pitt, which sank a 10,000-ton tanker.

ANOTHER P.O.'s letter, this time from H.M. Submarine "Taku," asks for glamour. Grable, Garland, Lamour and others are in the post, P.O. W. A. Garlick.

I gather that only one guy aboard that sardine tin has a home—the list of addresses for our staff to call upon for home news consisted of one address. Was this crew press-ganged from a gipsy encampment?

Joking apart, P.O. Garlick, we were glad to get the first letter from "Taku." Hope you will keep in touch now you know the address.

THE gramophone you ask for, A.B. James Johnson, is going to be a little difficult to get, but the matter is being dealt with, and you will hear about it in the near future.

Yours was another first letter from a boat, and we were glad to hear from you. Again I would like to point out that, welcome as your letters are, constructive criticism would be more appreciated than just praise. Will you do that next time?

HAD a letter from 20 Villiers Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, the other day, Telegraphist James Baskwell. Your mother wrote to thank us for some photographs our local correspondent took some time ago. Guess you must have seen one of them with all the news from home in No. 268.

Latest message brings greetings from home.

FOR courage, resolution and skill in successful patrols in H.M. Submarine "Torbay," the D.S.C. has been awarded to Lieut. A. S. Melville-Ross, R.N. Humble congratulation, skipper and crew of "Torbay."

CONGRATULATING Lieut. N. L. A. Jewell on his receiving the award of the Legion of Merit, I referred to the submarine commander as Lieut. Jewell, M.B.E., L.M.

I am asked to point out that the latter decoration does not indicate membership of the League of Midwifery!

Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! And Age at last.
A sorry breaking-up!
Thomas Hood.

This Pipe-line goes down the Ages

YOU have read that the world's politicians are now working out a plan for the utilisation of the world's supply of oil after this war.

Never mind them. The fact is that when, in 1935, the late King Ghazi of Iraq turned the lever that opened up the Mosul-Mediterranean oil pipe-line, he was not to guess that six years later this new source of prosperity was in danger of dragging his country into war with oil-hungry Germany.

The main wells are at Kirkuk, 150 miles north of Baghdad. Kirkuk is held to be the scene of the Fiery Furnace mentioned in the Book of Daniel. It was overflow oil that was burning.

Baba Gurgur was the site of a temple dedicated to Anahita, the Earth Goddess. Homs was the ancient Emesa. Tripoli was a port even in Phoenician times. Amman, now capital of Transjordan, was the Biblical Rabbath Ammon and the Greek Philadelphia. And the Valley of Esdraelon in Palestine is the scene of the Armageddon of the Bible.

Thus it will be seen that oil has always held a firm place in men's imaginations. Not until Baba Gurgur sent forth its famous "gusher" in 1927 did the experts see that here, in the cradle of history, was the salvation of the future.

Up to the opening of the present war drilling proceeded systematically. There are now about sixty wells, and a few of them alone could furnish the minimum hoped for—four million tons.

Most of the wells give up the heavy type of oil needed for lubrication. The exploitation of this vast field of 32,000 square miles right in the heart of the Tigris territory has turned a poverty-stricken land into a rich one. Iraq gets £2,000,000 per an-

num in royalties. There are over 5,000 employees, most of them natives.

And all this is but to touch the edge of the romance. The construction of the gigantic snake of steel, the pipe-line, is one of the greatest stories of engineering.

It cost £10,000,000 to lay. It took seven years to complete. It consists of two lines, one to Palestine, the other to Syria, covering over 1,000 miles.

Britain is the outstanding partner in the business, and the Iraq Petroleum Company is jointly British, Dutch, French and American. The construction caused to be assembled the work of prospectors, geologists, drillers, chemists, production engineers, and pipe liners. They came from sixteen different countries.

You submariners may know something of the line and the oil that has kept the Navy going in the eastern section of the Mediterranean.

The pipe-line is buried throughout its full course. The course reached elevations of 3,000 feet above the sea. Down in the Jordan Valley it is 800 feet below sea-level, where the atmosphere is so stifling that there is nothing like it anywhere else. Again it rises to nearly 1,000 feet, and finally drops to sea-level at Haifa.

But the most difficult section was that hundred-mile stretch in Transjordan which is called the "lava country." The ditching machines which were used elsewhere to cut trenches were useless. The floor was solid basalt. It had to be drilled and blasted with explosives.

Before this could be done, new machinery and blasting charges had to be brought up; and to bring these up a new road had to be laid down. Without the road no vehicle could travel there because of the dust.

From Europe over 200,000

tons of material had to be sent, carried across the desert, then taken by aerial ferry over the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Twelve pumping stations had to be built to force the flow of oil. More than 1,200 miles of telephone and telegraph lines had to be laid down. Now the oil flows through at about 900 tons an hour.

From Kirkuk the line crosses the beds of the Tigris and Euphrates, and from there goes on to Haditha. At this point it divides. One line then goes 530 miles to Tripolis, in northern Syria. The other goes 600 miles to Haifa, in Palestine.

Close to the latter route is the Haifa-Bagdad highway, and along that route the R.A.F. has several landing stages. It is the R.A.F. that looks after the safety of that line.

When the line reaches Haifa it is only twelve inches in diameter. It runs out into the bay for nearly 4,000 feet along the sea bottom. At the terminus there are two submarine loading berths. That is the bit you submariners know, no doubt.

You can't follow this Haifa line unless you tread where the great Hebrew prophets trod. It stretches from Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Transjordan, Palestine. It crosses four famous rivers—Tigris, Euphrates, Orontes, Jordan. It passes along by the mountains of Moab, Nazareth and Carmel.

Along its route it contacts Arab wanderers, Bedouin nomads, Turkish villages, peasants, Biblical scenes, and modern Jewish settlements. In every sense of the word it is a life-line. It explains much of the mystery of mythology of the East. It also explains much of the war effort of the present. It is the fruit that Hitler wanted to hold.

Grandpa is lazy but Doris is busy, A.B. Robert Whittaker

Some impressions to-day that should interest A.B. Robert Whittaker. They illustrate the true state of affairs at Burnley, Bob. Grandpa is getting lazy ideas, and girl friend Doris Clark is getting on with the job.

Nice place, Burnley, so we spent some time there, and made quite a few calls on your behalf.

Unfortunately, mother and sisters Sarah and Hazel had left Leyland-road. They have moved to Blackpool to be near father. You're not getting letters, so here is the address: 27, Rawcliffe-street, South Blackpool.

We tracked down Grandpa and Grandma Espley, however, at Albert-street. Darby and Joan in real life. Grandpa taking things easy in the chair, and grandma, wearing her openwork shawl, busy with her needle.

Says Grandpa Espley, "Yes, they've moved from Leyland-road. All went well until they came to Bob's tool-box. Two men couldn't shift it, so they had to move it on a trolley."

It was the photographer's idea that grandpa should light his pipe, but so tickled was he with the idea that grandpa decided on the spot



that it should be a permanent job for her. The lazy old dog means it, too!

He got a picture, but we haven't room for it here—and here's why.

Grandma sent us round to see Doris. This was something different. A real hive of industry with a staff much depleted since you were there.

Secretary Mrs. Hodge took us up to the tinning department and over to the solder-

ing bench where Doris was "sweating" away with some workmen's tea cans and buckets. You can imagine how thrilled she was when told of the destination of this picture.

While the photographer was at work two of your old workmates, Bill Ripley and Jimmy Dixon, wandered over to have a look-see, so we included them in a picture, too. Sorry there's no room for that, either. All Say Good Hunting, Bob.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"God gave us Frijoles"

PART 9

S—and myself determined to keep as much together as possible; though we knew that it would not do to cut shipmates; for, knowing our birth and education, they were a little suspicious that we would try to put on the gentleman when we got ashore, and would be ashamed of their company; and this won't do with Jack.

Our crew fell in with some men who belonged to the other vessels, and, sailor-like, steered for the first grog-shop.

This was a small mud-building of only one room, in which were liquors, dry and West India goods, shoes, bread, fruits, and everything which is vendible in California.

S—and I followed in our shipmates' wake, knowing that to

refuse to drink with them would be the highest affront, but determining to slip away at the first opportunity.

When we first came in there was some dispute between our crew and the others, whether the newcomers or the old California rangers should treat first; but it being settled in favour of the latter, each of the crews of the other vessels treated all round in their turn, and as there were a good many present, and the liquor was a real (12½ cents) a glass, it made somewhat of a hole in their lockers.

It was now our ship's turn, and S—and I, anxious to get away, stepped up to call for glasses; but we soon found that we must go in order—the oldest first, for the old sailors did not choose to be preceded by a

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

couple of youngsters; and we had to wait our turn.

Having at length gone through our turns, and acquitted ourselves of all obligations, we slipped out, and went about among the houses, endeavouring to get horses for the day, so that we might ride round and see the country.

At first we had but little success; but after several efforts we fell in with a little Sandwich Island boy, who belonged to Captain Wilson of the *Ayacucho*, and was well acquainted with the place; he knowing where to go, soon procured us two horses, ready saddled and bridled, each with a lasso coiled over the pommel.

Mounted on our horses, which were spirited beasts, we started off on a fine run over the country. After a couple of miles we saw the white walls of a mission, and fording a small river we came directly before it.

Entering a gateway, we rode into the open square, in which the stillness of death reigned. Not a living creature could we see. We rode twice round the square in the hope of waking up someone; and in one circuit saw a tall monk, with shaven head, sandals, and the

dress of the Grey Friars, pass rapidly through a gallery, but he disappeared without noticing us.

After two circuits we stopped our horses, and saw at last a man show himself in front of one of the small buildings.

We rode up to him and found him dressed in the common dress of the country, with a silver chain round his neck supporting a large bunch of keys. From this we took him to be the steward of the mission, and addressing him as "Mayordomo," received a low bow and an invitation to walk into his room.

It was a plain room, containing a table, three or four chairs, a small picture or two, and a few dishes and glasses.

"Hay algunas cosas a comer?" said I.

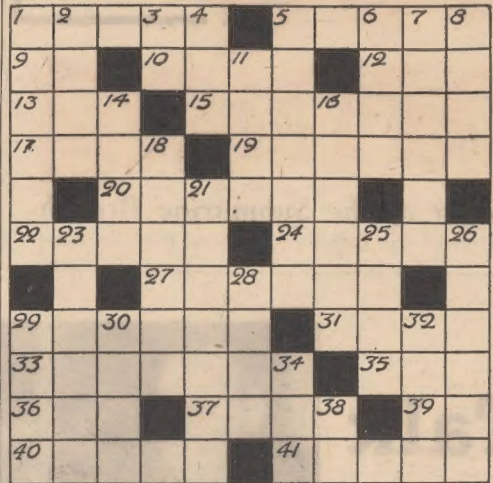
"Si, Senor!" said he. "Que gusta Usted?"

Mentioning frijoles, which I knew they must have if they had nothing else, and beef and bread, and a hint for wine, if they had any; he went off to another building, across the court, and returned in a few moments with a couple of Indian boys, bearing dishes and a decanter of wine.

The dishes contained baked meats, frijoles stewed with peppers and onions, boiled eggs, and a kind of macaroni. These, together with the wine, made the most sumptuous meal we had eaten since we left Boston.

After despatching our meal, we took out some money and asked him how much we were to pay. He shook his head, and crossed himself, saying that it was charity—the Lord gave it to us.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Bird.
- 5 Lived.
- 9 Former.
- 10 Front.
- 12 Pasty.
- 13 Cover.
- 15 Motor.
- 17 Girl's Name.
- 19 Noisy Quarrel.
- 20 Equivocate.
- 22 Leading Melody.
- 24 Borders.
- 27 Row gently.
- 29 Rainy-looking.
- 31 Sailing vessel.
- 33 Decorated.
- 35 Deer.
- 36 Number.
- 37 Boy's Name.
- 39 About.
- 40 Tendency.
- 41 Shed feathers.

HAD POACH V
ALIVE SHADE
IBSEN PINES
RICE FIDGET
NURTURE R
COS ONE DAY
H MUDDLED
ANTICS UPAS
FIRTH STAGE
FLARE AERIE
Y MESSY TOP

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Window fixture.
- 2 Showy plant.
- 5 Whether.
- 4 Male animal.
- 5 Ordered.
- 6 Poem.
- 7 Rows of type.
- 8 English river.
- 11 Boat substitute.
- 14 Take in.
- 16 With difficulty.
- 18 Wet blanket.
- 21 Erudite.
- 23 Plunge.
- 25 Tackle.
- 26 Mum.
- 28 One who changes colour.
- 29 Electrical unit.
- 30 Harmonise.
- 32 Fleece.
- 34 Obscure.
- 38 Short county.

We gave him ten or twelve *reals*, which he pocketed with admirable nonchalance, saying, "Dios se lo pague."

We returned to the village, going nearly all the way on a full run.

The Californian horses have no medium gait which is pleasant between walking and running; for as there are no streets and parades, they have no need of the genteel trot, and their riders usually keep them at the top of their speed until they are tired, and then let them rest themselves by walking.

The fine air of the afternoon, the rapid rate of the animals, who seemed almost to fly over the ground, and the excitement and novelty of the motion to us who had been so long confined on shipboard, were exhilarating beyond expression, and we felt willing to ride all day long.

Coming into the village we found things looking very lively. The Indians, who always have a holiday on Sunday, were engaged at playing a kind of running game of ball on a level piece of ground near the houses. Several bluejackets were reeling about among the houses, which showed that the pulperias had been well patronised.

One or two of the sailors had got on horse-back, but being indifferent horsemen, and the Spaniards having given them vicious horses, they were soon thrown. A half-dozen Sandwich Islanders, from the hide-houses and the two brigs, who are bold riders, were dashing about on the full gallop, hallooing and laughing like so many wild men.

It was now nearly sundown, and S—and myself went into a house and sat quietly down to rest ourselves before going down to the beach. Thus ended our first liberty-day on shore.

THE next sound that we heard was "All hands ahoy," and looking up the scuttle, saw

that it was just daylight. Our liberty had now truly taken flight, and putting on old duck trousers, red shirts, and Scotch caps, we began taking out and landing our hides.

For three days we were hard at work in this duty, from the grey of the morning until starlight, with the exception of a short time allowed for meals.

As soon as the hides were landed a new officer took charge of the hide-house, and the captain intended to leave two or three of us with him, hiring Sandwich Islanders to take our places on board.

But he could not get any Sandwich Islanders to go, though he offered them fifteen dollars a month; for the report of the flogging had got among them, and he was called "aole maikai" (no good), and that was an end of the business.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A switchel is a small plough, bundle of twigs, drink, snake, three-toed lizard, short sword?
2. Who wrote (a) Lord Ormont and his Aminta, (b) Lord Ullin's Daughter?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Aeroplane, Virginia plane, Routing plane, Hydroplane, Perspective plane.
4. What famous London entertainment recently celebrated its jubilee?
5. What is Joe Louis's real name?
6. What two Bible characters are associated with long hair?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Owely, Owche, Ower, Owsen, Owyer.
8. What is the only material that can cut a diamond?
9. How many moons has Mars?
10. Whose property was the mare that went to Widdicombe Fair?

Answers to Quiz in No. 417

1. Fish.
2. (a) George Borrow, (b) George Birmingham.
3. Herring is not a flat fish; others are.
4. Nine.
5. Circumference of a farthing.
6. Daily since 1848.
7. Oojah.
8. Siam.
9. 42.
10. Natives of Nova Scotia.
11. George IV.
12. Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Janet Gaynor, Hoot Gibson, Betty Grable.



Threewater Willie

"It wouldn't be right, Miss Hornblower—I'm married to my ship."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Gulp it down before the others see it, lady! That's the last helping of lamb to-day!"

WANGLING WORDS—357

1. Put a devil in PANIUM and make a devil of a row.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Lloyd oyu eleva smut I body-goe.
3. Mix CHOIR, add D, and get a flower.
4. Find the two hidden drinks in: Tell Clare to get me some cigarettes; any good brand, you know.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 356

1. COLonel.
2. Little Dolly Daydream, pride of Idaho.
3. R-APID.
4. N-or-man-dy, Ger-many.



Looks like a tense moment at the village skittle alley at Belsley, Gloucester. Not only are the youngsters holding their breaths, but even the jolly old cow has suspended feeding operations in order to watch the devastating pitch of the village champ.

JANE



CARELESS TALKERS SHOULD BE PUT IN THE STOCKS!

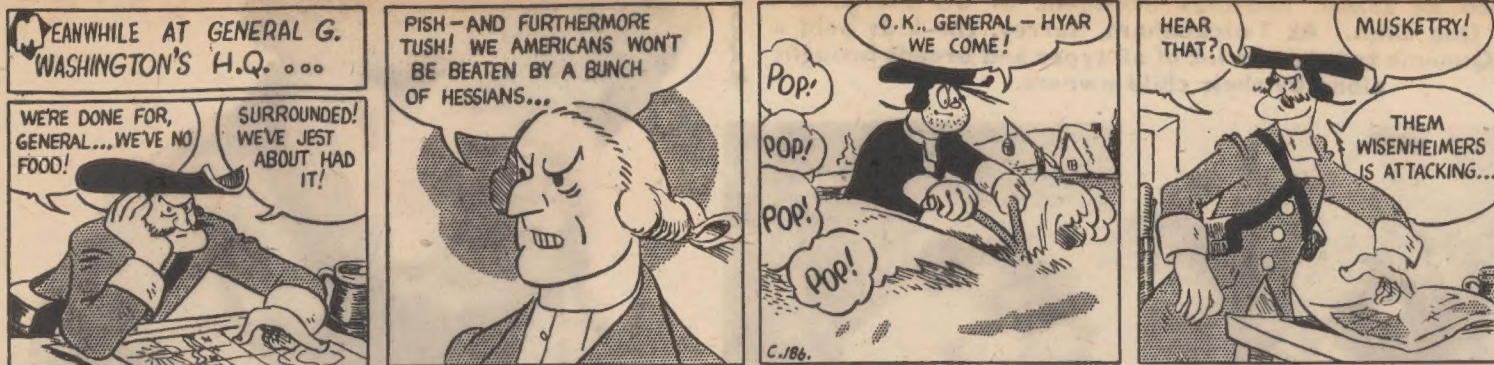


AND SO SHOULD CARELESS WALKERS, MY DEAR JANE!—PUT YOUR LEGS THROUGH THESE HOLES!—THAT'S RIGHT!—NOW—SH!—GO TO SLEEP...

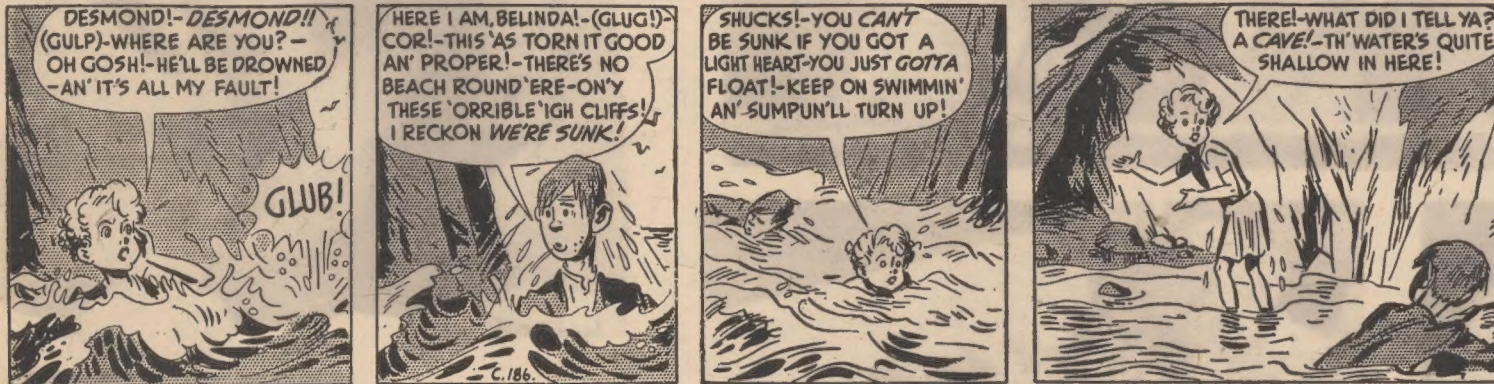


ACH!—A FINE OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM!—I'LL ARRANGE FOR HER TO STAY THERE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET TO THE AIRFIELD IN HIGGINS' VAN—THEN ON TO THE GUNSITE....

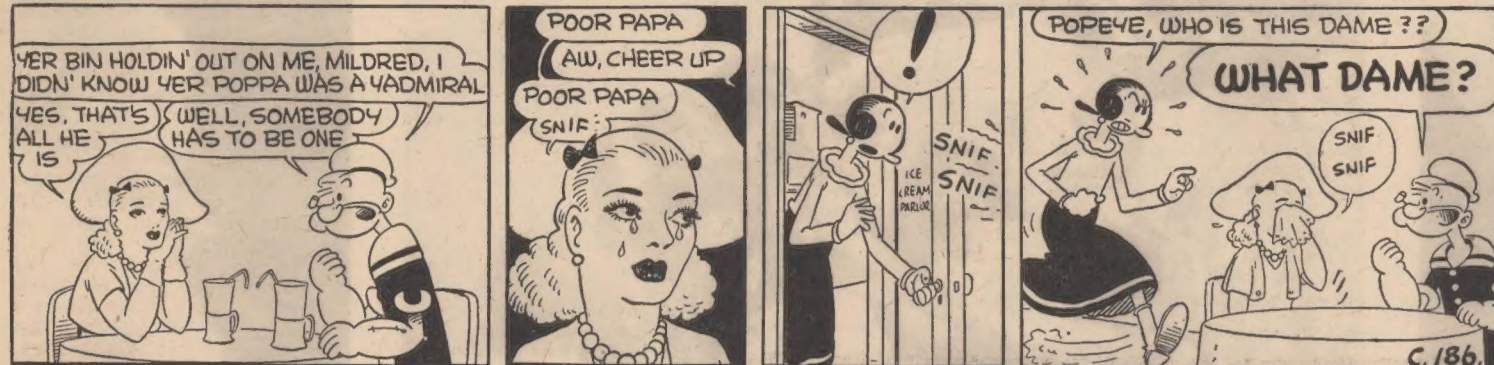
BEELZEBUB JONES



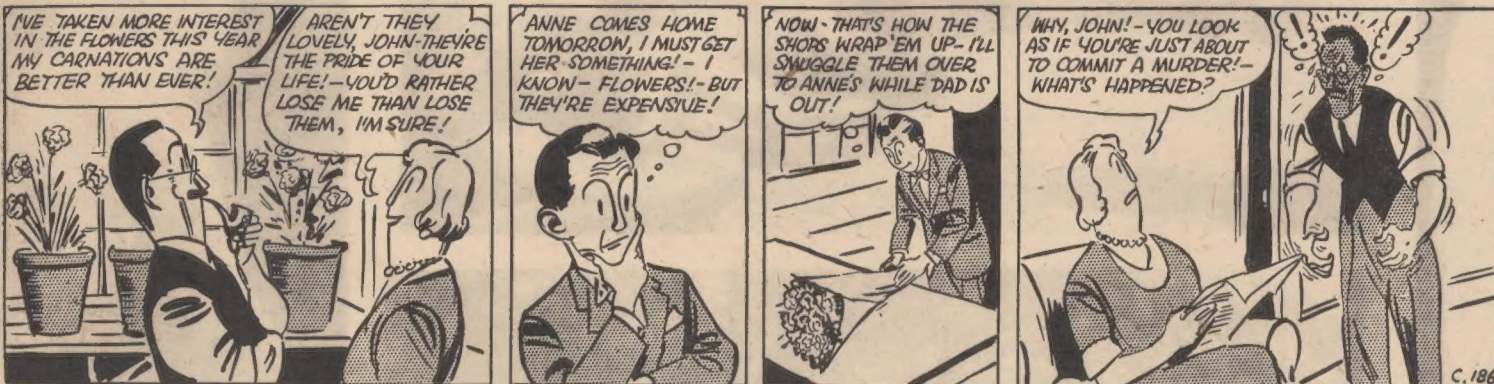
BELINDA



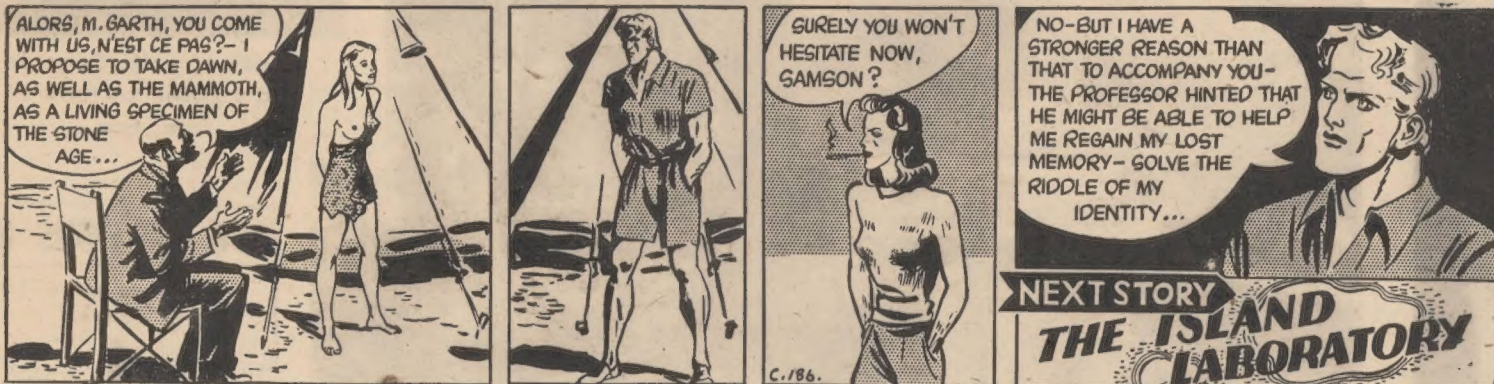
POPEYE



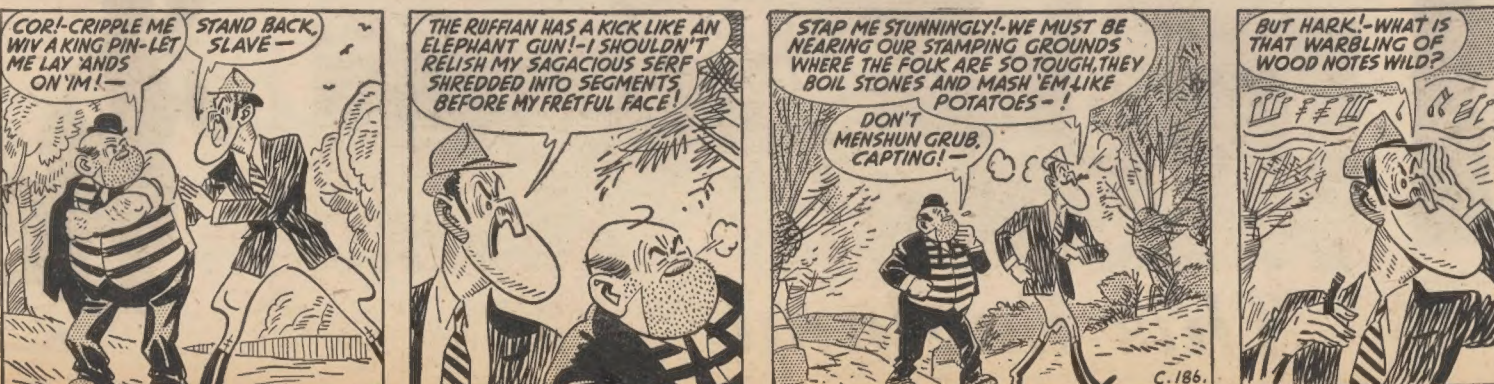
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Chop Suey Off Menu

By Dick Gordon

MR. AND MRS. AVERAGE PUBLIC have been harbouring for years many erroneous ideas about the Chinese, and Wei Hsueh, Hollywood technical adviser, thinks it's about time this is set right.

Hsueh is in the film capital to see that mistakes are avoided in M.G.M.'s "Dragon Seed," film version of Pearl S. Buck's best-seller. He's not only helping Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Akim Tamiroff and the others of the cast with Oriental mannerisms, but is Director Jack Conway's right-hand man during the filming of many scenes. Born in China, Hsueh escaped to the United States in 1941 after the Japs overran his home near Nanking.

"Chinese do not have slant eyes," Hsueh pointed out. "It's the bone construction of the forehead and heavy eyelids that are responsible for that idea. Many Chinese, including General Chiang Kai Shek, have large eyes, similar to the Occidentals."

"The Chinese girl may not be as independent as the American or British girl, but she is allowed to vote, and can inherit the property of her father and mother," he declared. "The restrictions on balloting apply to male and female alike. A grammar school education is all that is necessary."

"Most colleges are co-educational, and a good percentage of the students at schools are girls."

There's as much romance in China as anywhere else, he further pointed out. The only difference is that the Chinese believe in privacy. There's no kissing on park benches. The Chinese believe that it's beneath their dignity to demonstrate affection in public.

Women are not relegated to a back seat in domestic matters. They rule the roost almost as much as does the American variety of female. The Chinese woman, however, is much more subtle in getting her way.

"The average Chinese is not the thin, short person they are thought to be," Hsueh said. "In North China they are as big-boned and husky as football stars. They are between five feet ten inches and six feet tall. Americans are misled because most of the Chinese who migrate to the United States are from the Canton provinces, where the people, as a rule, are short."

Pigtails, which originated in the Manchu dynasty in the 17th century, have not been worn since 1911. The pigtail was a symbol of submission to the Emperor. After the revolution the Chinese cut their hair. Chinese do not wear long finger-nails. The binding of girls' feet was outlawed in 1927, and the skin of Chinese women is of a much finer texture than that of the Occidental. It's milk-white in colour.

"The Chinese marriage is not arranged sight unseen, nowadays," Hsueh maintained. "The youth pops the question to his best girl just as we do. There are few elopements, however, and in many cases the groom brings his bride to his father's house to live."

Chop suey is unheard of in China. The usual dishes are pork, fish, vegetables, fowl and rice. Rice to the Chinese is the same as bread to us.

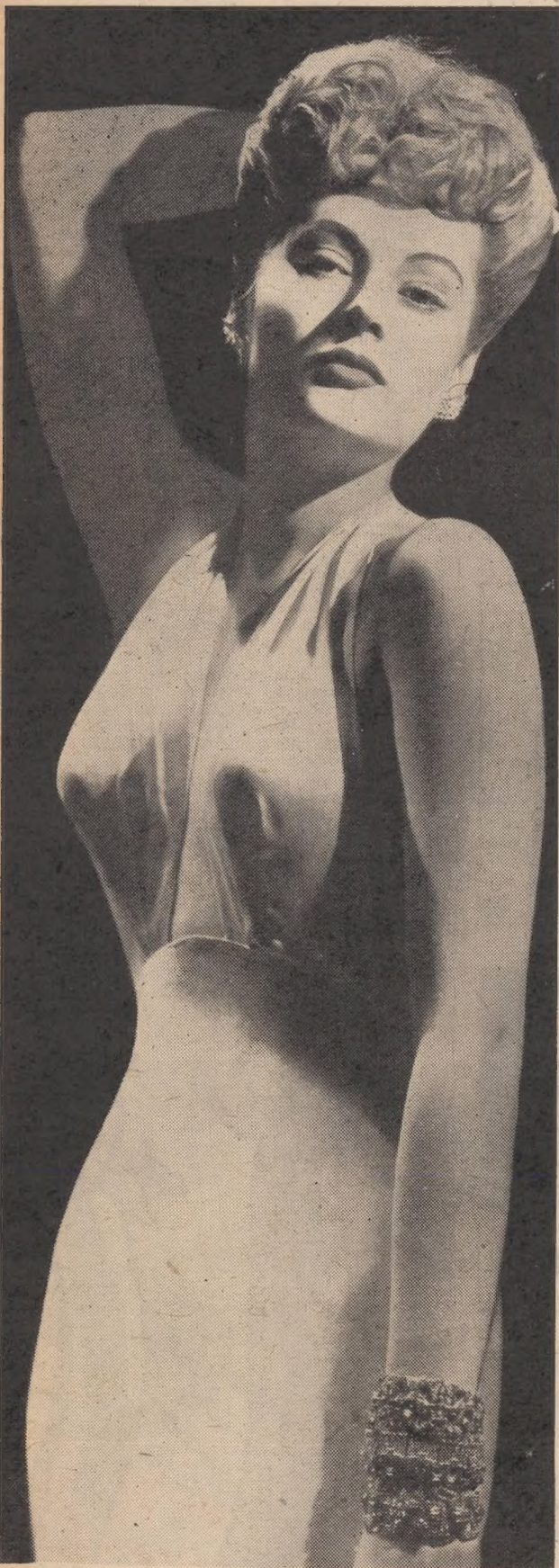


"What shall I put you down as —?" "Mighty scared, boss—mighty scared!"

Good Morning

PRESIDENT OF THE MONGRELS' CLUB.

Queenie, six-year-old bulldog, winner of seventeen championships valued at £5,000, becomes President of St. Margaret's Children's Dog Club. At Twickenham, Surrey, the kids held a show, and Queenie topped the lot of all types and breeds brought along by their child owners.



Gosh, surely, Queenie isn't going to look at me, too.



This England

The River Sade at Water End, Herts.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Those were the days."



Haughty, but inviting Hollywood star, Alexis Smith. Maybe those kids aren't the dog fanciers we thought, but who could overlook Alexis?